



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

I arrived, and noticed at the reception that giants of plaster or bronze stood no chance in the contest with her tiny figures. She sent her "Young Mother," "Girl Dancing" and the "Girl Reading." Nearly all of the artist friends whom I met, both painters and sculptors, told me that they wanted one of them, were going to buy, or at least inquired the price.

Well, those fairy figures have a quality which is pitifully lacking in most of our sculpture — the element of pleasure. The look of spontaneity, the appeal which comes from a work which seems to have given delight in the very doing — these are virtues which cling and continue to give pleasure ever after. This exhibit contained scarcely a half-dozen things of purely ideal nature, and some of these were written all over, "Hard Work." Here were no dreams of grace, no sweet fancies to make a home more beautiful, no art "for the fun of it." Are we, as a nation, too serious, too conscientious for this? Are we doomed in our earnestness and longing to miss the very flower of art? Or are there skilled young artists coming on who shall do things so easily that there will be no hint of toil, poets of the plastic crafts whose happy thoughts shall bring us a joy unmixed with care?

LORADO TAFT.



A LEISURE STROLL.

THE cooing of the wood dove is again heard in the land. It is spring — spring in Southern California. The weather is perfect. A genial sun is bestowing the kiss of life on the face of Mother Nature, who despite the lack of rain is slowly discarding her nun-like garb of winter and assuming the habiliments of a debutante. The linnets are again selecting sites for the home wherein to rear their young. The quail, whose call sounds very much like "McArthur," is choosing his mate. The blackbirds have arrived and the live oaks which are inhabited by them are filled with ceaseless chatter. Hummingbirds, whose swift motion remind one of a buzz saw, flit past in quest of flowers. In contrast to the almost melancholy "coo-oh" of the wood dove is heard the irritating squawk of the bluejay.

Last season a parent bluejay brought a bluejay, junior, to the back door of our "Mountainside Studio." After throwing him food for a few days and incidentally christening him "Vielfrass" (glutton) he soon became quite tame. Each day made him bolder, and finally, if we were not visible, would call until we brought him crackers, cheese and bits of meat, which he ate out of our hands. This bill of fare, for which he

showed a decided preference, would easily make him a companion for any artist, barring his gluttony.

In a stroll to a near-by cañon where limpid waters gurgle over rocks, where here and there a tiny waterfall leaps over smoothly worn boulders, the eye is greeted by the tender succulent greens of the sycamores, alders and willows, which fringe the rocky sides of the stream that sings the song of the mountains where it has its source.

The perfection of this spring day and the gladness thereof make one think of "Genesis," when the earth was young and the morning stars sang to each other. The earth is young again. The peace, the harmony which pervades all give a Sabbath-like air to the day, to the environment. One feels that he is on holy ground, in Nature's temple. The warm green of the grass, sprinkled with flowers of many hues, are a carpet whereon we walk with noiseless tread.

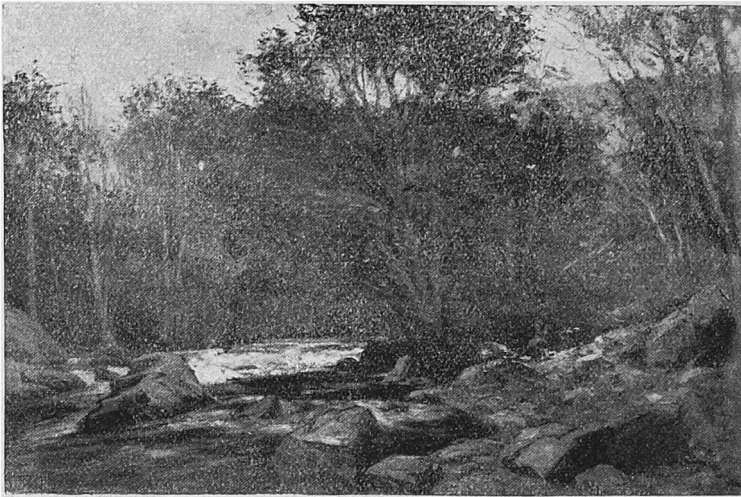
The perfume of the flowers and of the bay tree are wafted on high, like incense. The birds sing sweet songs of praise to their Creator. In the tops of the trees the sighing of the wind is like the hushed prayers of the multitude in some vast cathedral. Here the heart of man becomes impressionable. Here, away from conflicting creeds and sects, away from the soul-destroying hurly-burly of life, it feels that the world is beautiful; that man is his brother; that God is good.

Strolling onward, we come to an ideal spot which seems almost tame in comparison with the wild grandeur of the walls of rock that arise from the sides of the stream, which has grown wilder and wider. This ideal spot is an almost level ground of about five acres, where magnificent old live oaks spread their branches, affording shelter to birds, squirrels and a cool retreat for the tired wanderer. Since it is in springtime that young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love, it may not be inappropriate to confess that Omar Khayyam's following lines had for the writer a newer and more powerful charm:

"A book of verses underneath the bough,
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread and thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness—
Oh, wilderness were Paradise enow."

Here would be a fitting place to begin the new life with the one you love, or to conclude life with the companion who has shared your triumphs, your defeats and grown old with you.

Here would be a fitting resting place after the struggles of life are ended, where the ever-restless, murmuring waters flow on until these very mountains will have disappeared, where the wild flowers will lovingly adorn your grave; where the birds will sing their sweetest; where all that is mortal of you will again mix with the soil and be warmed back again



LANDSCAPE, BY WILLIAM WENDT.

into life by the sun, to appear in a new phase until, "In harmony with great eternal laws you have rounded the circle of your being."

On again, over bowlders that have grown more numerous and of bigger dimensions, I clamber on and discover new beauties at every turn. The cañon now becomes narrower and its sides steeper. The mountains, owing to a slight moisture in the air, have lost their harshness, and are now quite atmospheric. The sky is of a deep vibrating blue, and the lonely cloud that lifts its head over the edge of the mountain is of dazzling brilliancy. A couple of vultures are circling high above in the air, their outstretched pinions, naturally a dirty-brown color, assume a warm, yellowish red, in contrast to the blue of the sky. I hear the splashing of falls that evidently must be higher than any that I have seen so far.

After a scramble through underbrush, over fallen trees, over more and bigger bowlders, I behold a picturesque fall of about twelve feet. With the impetuosity of youth this silvery, sparkling mass of white leaps over the rocks, giving them a rich purplish color, and tumbles into a natural basin. Boiling and seething furiously for a little while, it rushes on hurriedly, apparently conscious that the ocean is still a long way off.

I sit down on the very edge of the basin, quickly noting that a good-sized trout sought refuge under a rock. I vow that next time I go strolling I shall be equipped with fishing tackle. "Where the trout

lies, there lie I" (free adaptation) — about it, or rather about the size of it.

More signs of life ; on a bit of warm sand lies a snake — a racer. A pebble thrown at it causes it to forsake its sun bath. Darting into the water it wriggles along gracefully until it reaches the other side, there to disappear among the rocks and rushes. It may be rather early for snake stories, but as I observed the track of one across a sandy road a few days ago, I know that his snakeship, the rattler, will soon be with us again.

As I sit here, a lizard, evidently impelled by curiosity, darts up and inspects the bottom of my trousers. At a little distance a bird alights to drink and to bathe its plumage in the cooling waters, causing the drops to fly, that in the brilliant sunlight sparkle like so many diamonds.

The humming of the bees, the droning of the wasps engaged in gathering mud, give one a drowsy feeling, and unconsciously my eyelids close until a kingfisher near me gives his shrill warning. I rise, and knowing that I still have three miles or more to retrace, I wend my way homeward. Owing to fatigue the route has lost somewhat of its charm and interest, but the sun being much lower now makes the landscape simpler as to light and shadow.

Here I come upon a particularly interesting view, conventional somewhat from a purely artistic standpoint, but nevertheless very charming. A fine range of distant mountains, bathed in the tenderest of bluish purple, are inset to meet the still very blue sky. A nearer range, covered closely with underbrush, among which the always brilliant sumac (not the sumac of the East) glows golden like so many particularly bright spots in life. Here and there some fine somber old oaks, like tried and faithful friends, give cooling shade during midday to the cattle that roam in these mountains. In its wide-spread branches the birds of the air find a haven of refuge. A bright golden spot covered with the remains of last season's tarweed is a very conspicuous spot on the mountain, and with the dark live oaks near makes a natural focus for the eye which is heightened by a number of cattle coming into view. These fine graceful animals in their sleek coats with the liveliest of calves are nothing like the domestic bovine that I used to see in my boyhood's days. They breathe the exhilarating air of freedom and know it, and save two or three round-ups during the year, are not molested in any way.

The shadows now begin to lengthen and creep up. A huge mass of rock almost down to the water's edge, with its cool gray, gives a delightful contrast to the warm greens above. Below this comes the boulder-strewn creek bed where the waters have lost their sparkle, and, still complaining, rush onward. A big live oak to one side, all in shadow,

gives strength and vigor to the scene. A pair of bluejays against this dark background look like spots of blue dropped down from above.

I cannot stay any longer, as an inward gnawing makes me conscious that the physical man is asserting himself, asking for his share of the feast, and as the spiritual has had his fill, it is but just that the physical should have his.

The sun now is imprinting his farewell kiss on the distant mountain, and I bid farewell to the scene, to the day, feeling grateful to the giver of all good things.

WILLIAM WENDT.



NEW YORK LETTER.

WATER COLORS

BY

WINSLOW HOMER

OF LIFE AND SCENES IN THE
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC (CANADA)

That is the statement on the small four-page catalogue: a statement that cannot but mean much to anyone who has known Mr. Homer's work. He has been for long one of our strongest painters, and ranking with Inness and Church in his Americanism. By "strong" I do not mean merely as a painter and draftsman — nowadays they are all referred to as strong men — he is all of that, but more. His things show the big, big-hearted man; they are painted, in whatever the medium, with a confident fearlessness and an almost brutal strength. I used always to think of the author of the Homer pictures as a giant, or as a man with at least hands boisterously big and having no patience with petty details. Going into the small Knoedler gallery with this idea of the man, one is not at all disappointed, but surprised, feeling that he never knew how big and how fearless and how masterly.

The pictures cover two walls of the room and deal principally with fishing in Lake St. John and the near-by rapids. Here are caught ouananiche, a fish closely related to the trout and land-locked salmon of our own northern waters and long supposed to be found only in this lake. The pictures might all have been made between catches while upon a fishing trip, and, taken altogether, form a most interesting account. While each picture is complete in itself, it is as a collection they should be seen; I sincerely hope that the unbroken set may find a permanent place in some sportsmen's clubhouse. They must please fishermen, as accurate — they convinced me. Having enjoyed them myself until after six o'clock, I went off with an appetite to a fish dinner, vowing I'd bring my fishing friend to see them. Surely it were cruelty to let him miss them — and he might be able to explain some of their technical excel-